

The Evening World

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NEST-FOULING.

Yesterday we had some words to say about Congressman Wadsworth's insolence and infidelity in emasculating the Beveridge amendment. To-day, unfortunately, we shall have to continue with a few words about his silliness and sordidness.

He said yesterday in defense of his attitude: "I do not believe in fouling our own American nest. We are here as members of the Agricultural Committee of the House of Representatives to promote American agriculture, not to injure it or cast aspersions on it."

This patriotic Congressman probably never did foul his own American nest till he began his attempts at changing the Beveridge amendment from chicken to bob veal. But, unfortunately, the packing portion of that nest has been found to be very foul indeed—a very culture's nest of corruption and decay. And consequently the unfortunate vultures are having a hard time selling their eggs to the suddenly fastidious gulls.

Most people would think that the friendliest service the Government could do its poor vultures would be to clean their nest thoroughly, watch them very closely to see that they didn't start fouling it again, and give them a trustworthy certificate of cleanliness, which would enable them quickly to recover the market for their newly immaculate eggs.

But apparently Representative Wadsworth is too silly and too sordid to see that. "But for the publication of this report," says he, "the foreign demand would have gone on as it had in the past. There was absolutely no complaint." And he evidently believes that without cutting the rottenness out of the beef scandal he can pump enough deodorizer into it to conceal its stench and thus again "promote American agriculture."

It is because Mr. Wadsworth believes in curing a cancer with a court-plaster that we must call him silly. It is because he believes in the "promotion" that coins putrefaction into "prosperity" that we must call him sordid. If he is a sincere man he is much to be pitied.

EAST SIDE "L" TRACKS.

The Interborough has won over the State Railway Commission to its plan for third tracks on the Second and Third avenue elevated lines "from the Harlem River as far south as practicable."

These recommendations should have no more weight with the Rapid Transit Commission than a petition from the Interborough itself. The question is one for local sentiment to settle. A vital objection is that the day the tracks are laid dooms east side subway projects to indefinite postponement.

When the Interborough wanted a mile of extra track on Third avenue it adopted the simple expedient of stealing it.

It now comes as a petitioner, but without the important essential of a cash offer, in default of which the city cannot even entertain its proposition.

"MOTHER EDDY."

The \$2,000,000 cathedral church which the Christian Scientists are to dedicate in Boston to-morrow is by all odds the most important monument ever reared to a woman in America if not in the world.

In what is distinctively "the era of woman" it has remained for the one who appealed to the spiritual side of her sex to reap the richest reward. Others have contributed wonderfully to woman's advance along material lines. But what one of them has so stamped her impress on the age as Mrs. Eddy, who gave her sex a new religion?

It has taken only a quarter of a century for Christian Science to become an established religion, with 650 churches in this country and centres in London, Paris and Berlin. On the discarded corner-stone of the early church, "Heal the sick," it has erected a substantial foundation. It is significant of the vitality of Mrs. Eddy's ideas that they have permeated modern religious thought to an extent unrealized and unacknowledged.

BIRDS!

By J. Campbell Cory.



Says the HIGH-BROW.

By Martin Green.

"M. E." said the Low-Brow, "for this new and beneficent legislation that compels an immigrant to have 40 bucks in his kick and at least the receipt for an education under his hat before he is allowed to land. We are getting too many foreigners."

"I don't see any Indian signs on you," remarked the High-Brow. "Where is your badge entitling you to holler 'America for the Americans'?"

"Does the name of the farthest ancestor you can trace to sound like the name of a Tammany district organization society or like the name of the leader of the same?"

"If it wasn't for the nerve and self-reliant spirit of some down-trodden forebear of yours the chances are that you'd be carrying a gun in a foreign army for \$3 a month and cheering rapturously at every mention of the name of the king, queen, jack or whatever the ruler might be."

"This pioneer of your family who made your existence possible came over here in an old tub of a sailing vessel and was probably two months on the trip."

"When he landed here the chances are that he didn't have the price of two consecutive eats, and when he changed his clothes he had to go to bed."

"The United States Government didn't ask him then if he could read or write. He could swing a pick and shovel or an axe, and he was needed."

"But even in those remote days there were sensitive Americans who were afraid that the influx of ignorant foreigners would put the country on the Fritz."

"The idea of barring a man out of the United States because he can't read or write is putting a hurdle in the path of progress."

"We have a surplus of clerks, bookkeepers, salesmen, professional men and small storekeepers and we're away shy of laborers and embryo skilled mechanics. Let the immigrant bring in the muscle."

"Experience has shown that the immigrant and the immigrant's wife will take care of the brain development of their offspring. The average immigrant can make a stagger at speaking the English language in addition to his own before he is here long enough to get accustomed to the use of ice."

"The loudest howlers against immigration speak but one language, and their use of that is open to suspicion."

"There has to be an end to everything some time," declared the Low-Brow.

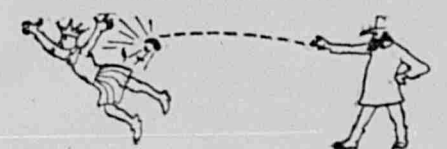
"Sure," agreed the High-Brow. "And as soon as the United States has no more room for immigrants the immigrants will stop coming here."

The Embalmed Muse.

By Charles R. Barnes.

No. 3.—Revised Anarchy.

THERE was a raging Anarchist,
Who had it in for kings,
His house was full of dynamite,
And dreadful bombs and things
In bygone days he fain would lurk
Where kings were wont to go,
And then this raging Anarchist
Would slay his victim so:



But in these stirring modern times,
This Anarchist goes out,
With something that is better, far,
To put the kings to rout.
He stops that King-thing in the street,
And says, "Hi there, Old Man!
Come tarry here a little while,
And let us rush this can."



L'CANVOH
The rest is not so nice to tell,
But if I must, I must:
The King gives up the ghost at once—
He dies of deep disgust.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXIII.

(Continued.)

AND it was with this conviction that he entered on the vital period of his dual career.

The imminent crisis, and his own share in it, absorbed him absolutely. In the weeks that followed his answer to Fraide's proposal he gave himself ungrudgingly to do his work. He wrote, read and planned with tireless energy; he frequently forgot to eat, and slept only through sheer exhaustion; in the fullest sense of the word he lived for the culminating hour that was to bring him failure or success.

He seldom left Grosvenor Square in the days that followed, except to confer with his party. All his interest, all his relaxation even, lay in his work and what pertained to it. His strength was like a solid wall, his intelligence was sharp and keen as steel. The moment was his; and by sheer mastery of will he put other considerations out of sight. He forgot Chilcote and forgot Lillian—not because they escaped his memory, but because he chose to shut them from it.

Of Eve he saw but little in this time of high pressure. When a man touches the core of his capacities, puts his brain into the work that in his eyes stands paramount, there is little place for, and no need of, woman. She comes before—and after. She inspires, compensates, or completes; but the achievement, the creation, is man's alone. And all true women understand and yield to this unspoken precept.

Eve watched the progress of his labor, and in the depth of her own heart the watching came nearer to actual living than any activity she had known. She was an onlooker—but an onlooker who stood, as it were, on the steps of the arena, who, by a single forward movement, could feel the sand under her feet, the breath of the battle on her face; and in this knowledge she rested satisfied.

There were hours when Loder seemed scarcely conscious of her existence; but on those occasions

she smiled in her serene way—and went on waiting. She knew that each day, before the afternoon had passed, he would come into her sitting-room, his face thoughtful, his hands full of books or papers, and, dropping into one of the comfortable, staid chairs, would ask laconically for tea. This was her moment of triumph and recompense—for the very unconsciousness of his coming doubled its value. He would sit for half an hour with a preoccupied glance, or with keen, alert eyes fixed on the fire, while his ideas sorted themselves and fell into line. Sometimes he was silent for the whole half-hour, sometimes he commented to himself as he scanned his notes; but on other and rarer occasions he talked, speaking his thoughts and theories aloud, with the enjoyment of a man who knows himself fully in his depth, while Eve sipped her tea or stitched peacefully at a strip of embroidery.

On these occasions she made a perfect listener. Here and there she encouraged him with an intelligent remark, but she never interrupted. She knew when to be silent and when to speak; when to merge her own individuality and when to make it felt. In these days of stress and preparation he came to her unconsciously for rest; he treated her as he might have treated a younger brother—relying on her discretion, turning to her as by right for sympathy, comprehension and friendship. Sometimes, as they sat silent in the richly colored, homelike room, Eve would pause over her embroidery and let her thoughts spin momentarily forward—spin toward the point where the brunt of his ordeal passed, he must of necessity seek something beyond mere rest. But there her thoughts would inevitably break off and the blood flame quickly into her cheek.

Meanwhile Loder worked persistently. With each day that brought the crisis of Fraide's scheme nearer, his activity increased—and with it an intensifying of the nervous strain. For if he had his hours of exaltation, he also had his hours of apprehension. It is not very well to exorcise a ghost by sheer strength of will, but one has also to eliminate the idea that gave it existence. Lillian Astripp, with her unattested evidence and her ephemeral interest, gave him no real uneasiness; but Chilcote and Chilcote's pos-



He drew himself together with an added touch of decision.

sible summons were matters of graver consideration; and there were times when they loomed very dark and sinister. What if at the very moment of fulfillment?—But invariably he snapped the thread of the supposition and turned with fiercer ardor to his work of preparation. And so the last morning of his probation dawned, and for the first time he breathed freely. He rose early on the day that was to witness

his great effort and dressed slowly. It was a splendid morning; the spirit of the spring seemed embodied in the air, in the pale blue sky, in the shafts of cool sunshine that danced from the mirror to the dressing table, from the dressing table to the pictures on the walls of Chilcote's vast room. Inconsequently with his dancing rose a memory of long-forgotten days when, as a child, he had been bidden to watch the same sun

perform the same fantastic evolutions. The sight and the thought stirred him curiously with an unlooked-for sense of youth. He drew himself together with an added touch of decision as he passed out into the corridor; and as he walked downstairs he whistled a bar or two of an inspiring tune.

In the morning-room Eve was already waiting. She looked up, colored, and smiled as he entered. Her face looked very fresh and young and she wore a gown of the same pale blue that she had worn on his first coming.

She looked up from an open letter as he came into the room, and the sun that fell through the window caught her in a shaft of light, intensifying her blue eyes, her blue gown and the bunch of violets fastened in her belt. To Loder, still under the influence of early memories, she seemed the embodiment of some youthful ideal—something lost, sought for, and found again. Realization of his feeling for her almost came to him as he stood there looking at her. He glanced about him; it tipped him, as it were, with its wings; then it rose again and soared away. Men like him—men keen to grasp an opening where their careers are concerned, and tenacious to hold it when once grasped—are frequently the last to look into their own hearts. He glanced at Eve, he acknowledged the stir of his feeling, but he made no attempt to define its cause. He could no more have given reason for his sensations than he could have told the precise date upon which, coming downstairs at eight o'clock, he had first found her waiting breakfast for him. The time when all such incidents were to stand out, each to a nicety in its appointed place, had not yet arrived. For the moment his youth had returned to him; he possessed the knowledge of work done, the sense of present companionship in a world of agreeable things; above all, the steady, quiet conviction of his own capacity. All these things came to him in the moment of his entering the room, greeting Eve, and passing to the breakfast table; then, while his eyes still rested contentedly on the pleasant array of china and silver, while his senses were still alive to the fresh, earthly scent of Eve's violets, the blow so

long dreaded—so slow in coming—fell with accumulated force.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE letter through which the blow fell was not voluminous. It was written on cheap paper in a disguised hand, and the contents covered only half a page. Loder read it slowly, mentally articulating every word; then he laid it down, and as he did so he caught Eve's eyes raised in concern. Again he saw something of his own feelings reflected in her face, and the shock braced him; he picked up the letter, tearing it into strips.

"I must go out," he said, slowly. "I must go now—at once." His voice was hard.

Eve's surprised, concerned eyes still searched his. "Now—at once?" she repeated, "Now—without breakfast?"

"I'm not hungry. He rose from his seat, and, carrying the slips of paper across the room, dropped them into the fire. He did it, not so much from caution as from an imperative wish to do something, to move, if only across the room.

Eve's glance followed him. "Is it bad news?" she asked anxiously. It was unlike her to be insistent, but she was moved to the impulse by the peculiarity of the moment.

"No," he said shortly. "It's—business. This was written yesterday; I should have got it last night."

Her eyes widened. "But nobody does business at eight in the morning!" she began, in astonishment, then she suddenly broke off.

(To Be Continued.)

THE BETRAYAL

LOVE A Thrilling Romance of MYSTERY INTRIGUE

By E. Phillips Oppenheim, Author of "The Mystery of Mr. St. John," "The Yellow Claw," "The Prince of Burgundy," and "A Millionaire of Yesterday."

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Beginning Saturday, June 10. The first instalment will be published in the Evening World. The story is a story of a man who is betrayed by a woman.